MARVEL

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STAR WARS™

# DOCTOR APHRA

# THE ENORMOUS PROFIT
## Part III

*It is a period of opportunity. In a galaxy oppressed by Imperial forces, there is little hope for the future. But for those operating on the fringes, there is potential for profit.*

*Rogue archaeologist Chelli Aphra has recovered and reactivated the Rur crystal, an artifact with the consciousness of an ancient Jedi with powerful levels of technopathy, and she's selling to the highest bidder.*

*Aphra solicits offers from some of the biggest names on the black market. A great plan – until one client's demand to see a demonstration of Rur's technopathic abilities results in Rur possessing the body of a droid and seemingly freeing himself....*


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IF THIS IS ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION, IT'S DISTINCTLY UNNECESSARY, APHRA.
OKAY. I'VE GOT MORE FIELD EXPERIENCE THAN YOU GUYS...
GET DOWN!
LESSON ONE: KNOW WHEN TO GET OUT OF THE FIRING LINE.
HAH!
WHY PAY WHEN ONE CAN SLAY? THEN RETRIEVE THE BAUBLE FROM ITS SMOKING CHASSIS!
IT IS THE EZARAA WAY!

FOR THE GLORY OF THE EZARAA DOMINION!
RETREAT!

WHO'S NEXT?
AH-- THOSE WHO CONSIDER ME MERCHANDISE.
LESSON TWO...
...KNOW WHEN TO RUN!
NONO NONO NO.
THANKYOU.

OBSERVATION: I WOULD HAVE HOPED TECHNOPATHIC CONTROLS OF THOSE GUNS WOULD LEAD TO HIM BEING A BETTER SHOT.
ADDITIONAL: IF I'D KNOWN, I WOULD HAVE REDUCED OUR BID.
NO, RUR'S A GREAT SHOT. HE'S A KILLER.
AND YOU'RE STILL ACTIVE. AS ARE ALL THE OTHER DROIDS...
RUR DOESN'T HAVE HIS TECHNOPATHY.
SOMEONE ELSE IS CONTROLLING THE GUNS.
TRIPLE-ZERO!

I'M SORRY, MASTER APHRA, WE'RE A LITTLE BUSY RIGHT NOW WATCHING ALL THIS CHARMING HAVOC.

WE'VE SET THE GUNS TO AUTOTARGET AND THEN PLACED THE RUR CRYSTAL IN THAT DROID YOU FIXED UP. IT SEEMS HE'S GONE ON A RAMPAGE. WHO COULD HAVE PREDICTED IT?

TURN OFF THE GUNS!

I'M SORRY, THAT WON'T BE POSSIBLE AT THIS TIME.

IT APPEARS THAT SOMEONE HAS SET FIRE TO THE GUN CONTROLS AND THEN ATTACKED THEM WITH SOME MANNER OF AX.

IT'S AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT. AT LEAST THEY'RE NOT PROGRAMMED TO KILL ANYONE, MASTER. THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN AGAINST YOUR EXPRESS ORDERS, AND WE WOULD NEVER DREAM OF DOING SUCH A THING.

OKAY, CUT TO THE CHASE.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WE'RE IN YOUR ROOM.

COME CHAT.

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THUNK THUNK

GREAT.

PASSIVE-AGGRESSION: I TRUST YOU PUT A DESTRUCTION FAIL-SAFE INTO THE REANIMATED CHASSIS OF MY COMRADE?

CAVEAT: WE WOULD HAVE ASSUMED YOU HAD. I HAD PLANNED FOR A FULL DECONTAMINATION SEARCH AFTER WE LEFT.

WHUND!

NO, I DIDN'T.

AND, FOR YOUR INFORMATION, IF I DID YOU WOULD ***NEVER*** HAVE FOUND IT.

STATEMENT: I AM GOING TO LEAVE, IMMEDIATELY.

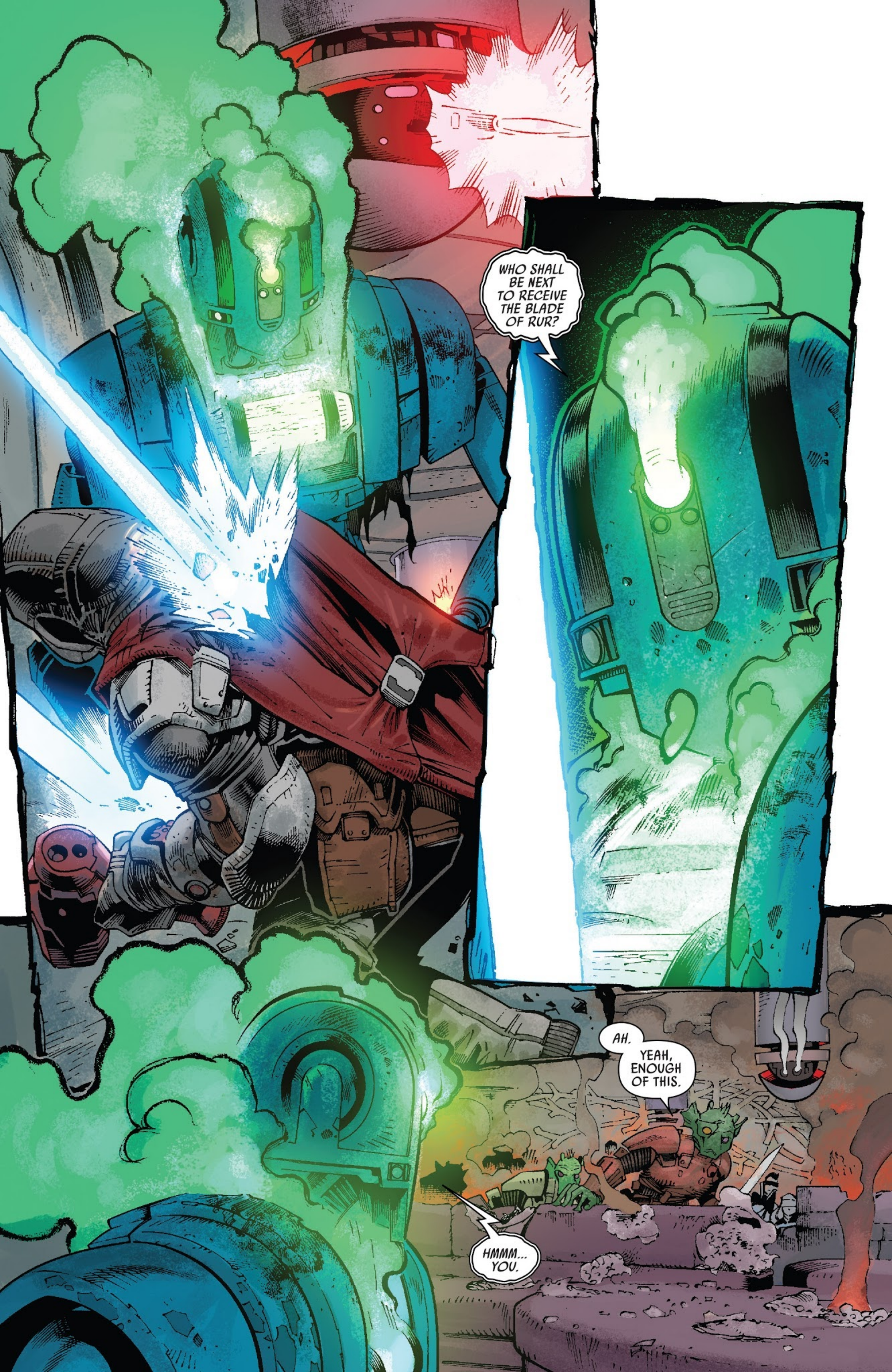
YOU DO THAT.

OKAY, QUICKEST WAY TO THE DROIDS IS ACROSS THE MAIN AREA AND...

OH.

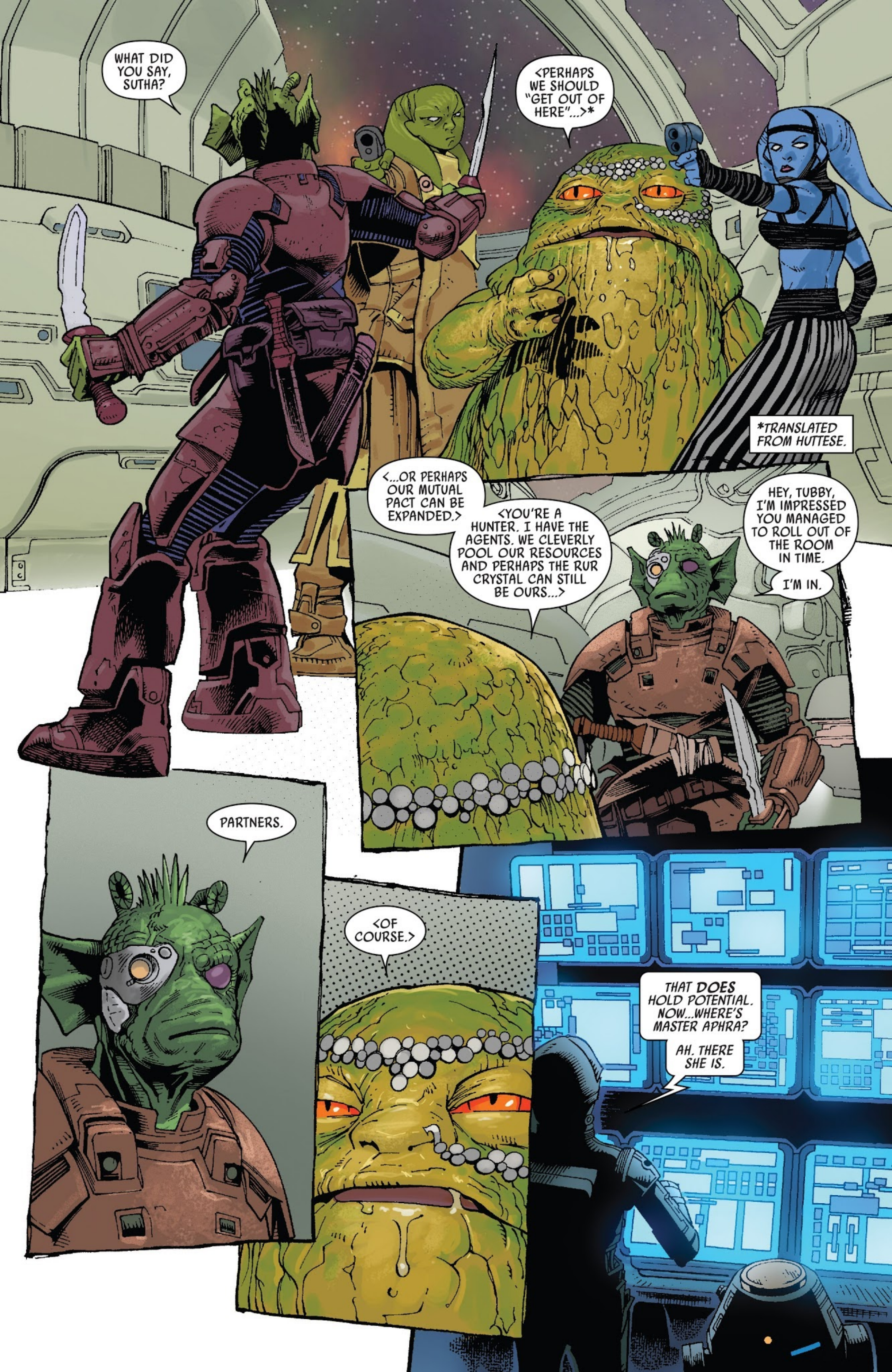
YEAH, LET'S FIND ANOTHER WAY.

BLEEP!
YES, BEETEE, SHE'S MADE THE SMART DECISION. FOR ONCE.
BLEEP!
YES, QUITE...
WE'RE CERTAINLY NOT BORED ANYMORE.
EXISTENCE IS SHORT, AND ONE SHOULD ALWAYS STRIVE TO ENJOY IT WHILE ONE CAN.
BLEEP!
YES, IT IS ESPECIALLY SHORT WHEN WE'RE AROUND.
WHAT'S YOUR POINT?
BLEEP!
BE QUIET! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE MADE ME DO, YOU USELESS JAR OF JUNK! I'VE MISSED A LOVELY BIT OF CARNAGE.
OH, THE HUMANITY! THE DYING HUMANITY!
HOW WONDERFUL! HOW DELIGHTFUL!


WHO SHALL BE NEXT TO RECEIVE THE BLADE OF RUR?
AH.
YEAH, ENOUGH OF THIS.
HMMM... YOU.

IF ANYONE'S LISTENING, I'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE.
KLLK
I'M STARTING TO SEE WHY PEOPLE OBJECT TO BEING HUNTED SO MUCH.

KERRRSHUNK!
THIS ISN'T WORKING FOR ME.
WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE...
SSZZZZHH.


WHAT DID YOU SAY, SUTHA?
<PERHAPS WE SHOULD "GET OUT OF HERE"...>*
*TRANSLATED FROM HUTTESE.
<...OR PERHAPS OUR MUTUAL PACT CAN BE EXPANDED.>
<YOU'RE A HUNTER. I HAVE THE AGENTS. WE CLEVERLY POOL OUR RESOURCES AND PERHAPS THE RUR CRYSTAL CAN STILL BE OURS...>
HEY, TUBBY, I'M IMPRESSED YOU MANAGED TO ROLL OUT OF THE ROOM IN TIME.
I'M IN.
PARTNERS.
<OF COURSE.>
THAT DOES HOLD POTENTIAL. NOW...WHERE'S MASTER APHRA?
AH. THERE SHE IS.

AGH! NO, DON'T KILL ME! I CAN--
OH, IT'S ONLY YOU.
WE HAVE TO...
WHAT? WHAT?
GGGRRHHHH!
OH, RIGHT. YEAH, I GET IT. YOU WANT TO GET THE XONTI BROTHERS.
I'LL GET THIS OPEN...
BLIP! BLIP! BLIP!

NOW, WHATEVER COULD YOU WANT FROM THE ARMORY?
WHY, OF COURSE! GUNS!
WHAT A PLOT TWIST.
ION WEAPONRY. PERFECT.
FOR EVERYONE.
AHRRHHHH!

HEY, GUYS. IT'S YOUR HOST. URGENT ANNOUNCEMENT.
THERE'S ION WEAPONRY IN RESIDENTIAL STORAGE B-4.

AS WE'RE ALL INVOLVED IN A LIFE-AND-DEATH STRUGGLE AGAINST A KILLER ROBOT, YOU SHOULD PROBABLY GET THEM.

THERE'S ALSO SOME REALLY BIG GUNS, WHICH LIKELY WOULD WORK, TOO.
THE DOOR'S OPEN. COME GET THEM.

UNFORTUNATELY, BY SAYING THIS I'VE REVEALED TO RUR WHERE YOU'RE ALL HEADING.
AND-- ER--WHERE I AM.

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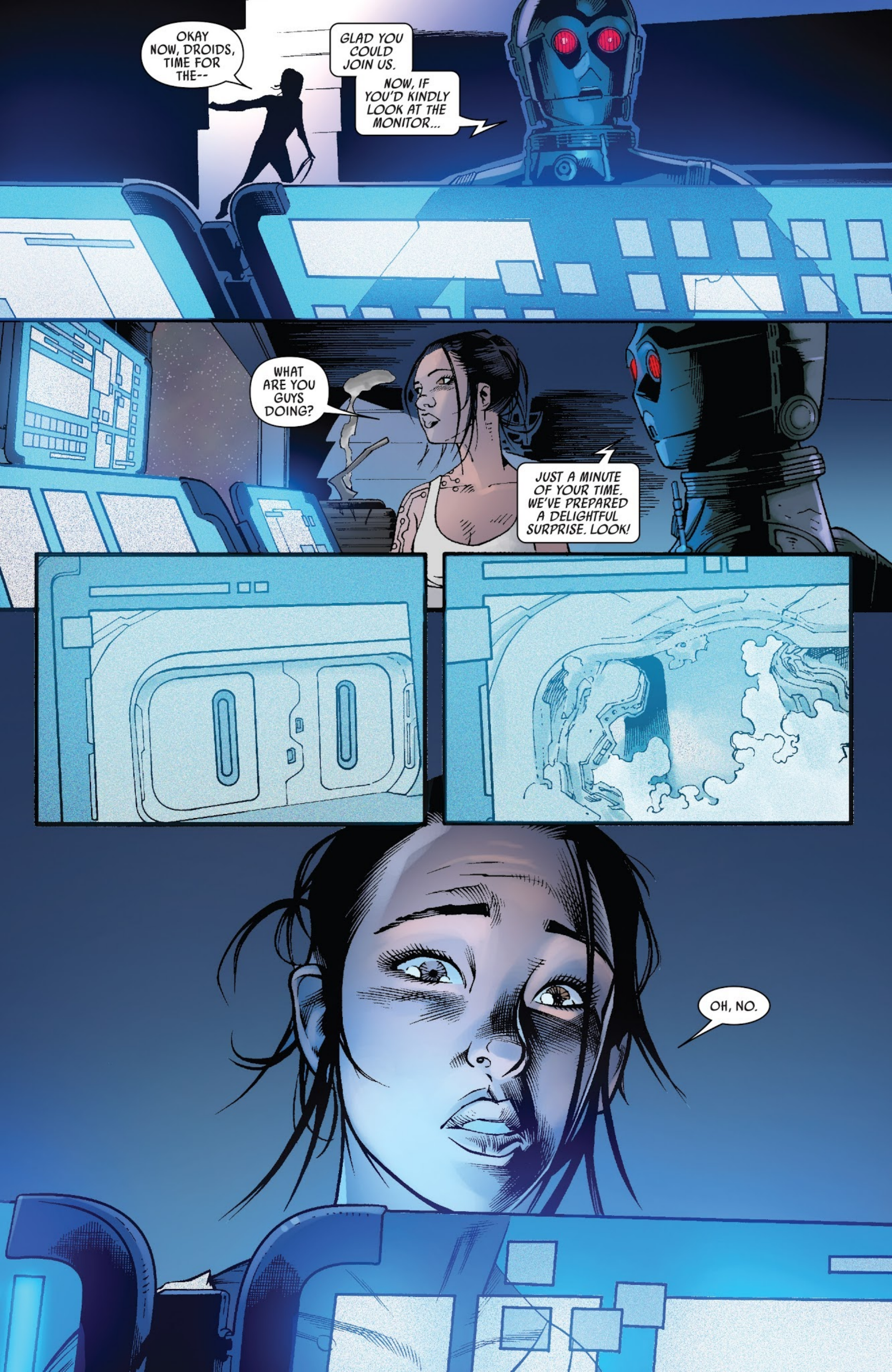
ZZZOW!
ZZZOW!
ARRGH!
YES, I'D CONCUR...
...BUT NOT UNTIL WE'VE FINISHED WITH YOU.
BLEEP!
YES, I KNOW.
SHE BETTER HURRY, FOR ALL OUR SAKES.


OKAY NOW, DROIDS, TIME FOR THE--
GLAD YOU COULD JOIN US.
NOW, IF YOU'D KINDLY LOOK AT THE MONITOR...
WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING?
JUST A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME. WE'VE PREPARED A DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE. LOOK!
OH, NO.

DESTROY THEM ALL.
NOW, LET'S TALK.

# DOCTOR APHRA
# NEXT ISSUE:

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away is a lot easier to get to than you think – and we want to hear from you! Write us at StarWars@Marvel.com if you want to make it onto a future letters page. Don't forget to mark the letter "OK TO PRINT."